

Documents on Diplomacy: Resources

Words About War: Song Sheet

War No More by Jean Wyclef

Light is in the air right now
Two thousand and two rebel music
The saga continues
Listen, children

What's the problem in Manhattan
Every ten men they look like Bin Laden
So I have problems when I go to the airport
First thing they do they wanna ask me for my passport
The said Wyclef we love the Fugees the score
But did anybody give you any strange package to bring on board
I was like 'no'

Here comes your national guards
This look like a scene from the movie Star Wars
One foot in, one foot out standing in the airplane
I'm on tour

I'm on my way to Japan
First class, dark shades
Let the fuschia out bed
I want to sleep but keep my eyes on the cock pit
Why just think they stay target- the pilot

We gonna take over the plane
Like the Los Angeles riot
Riot
Riot

The Middle East
The Middle East
The street pack more heat than the Middle East
The Middle East
The Middle East

When will the violence sleep in the Middle East
The Middle East

The street pack more heat than the Middle East
The Middle East
The Middle East

When will the violence
Say peace
Say peace

We don't want no war no more
Let me hear the streets
Peace, oh peace
We don't want no war no more
Let me hear the Middle East now
Peace, now peace, oh peace, oh peace

We don't want no war no more
Let me hear the USA say peace
Say peace
Lord, peace

We don't want no war no more
We don't want no war no more
We don't want no war no more
We don't want no war no more
We don't want no war no more

We don't want no war no more
We don't want no war no more
Ay, peace
Oh peace

We don't want no war no more
No, no let me hear you say
Peace, peace,

Say peace, say peace
We don't want no war no more
No, no, no, no

Say peace, oh peace
We don't want no war no more
No more riots

Riots
riots
Riots
Riots
Riots
Riot

Study War No More by John W. Work

Gonna lay down my sword and shield
Down by the riverside
Down by the riverside
Down by the riverside

Gonna lay down my sword and shield
Down by the riverside
Ain't gonna study war no more.

Gonna lay down my sword and shield
Down by the riverside
Ain't gonna study war no more.

I ain't gonna study war no more,
I ain't gonna study war no more,
Study war no more.
I ain't gonna study war no more,
I ain't gonna study war no more,
Study war no more.

Gonna stick my sword in the golden sand;
Down By the riverside
Down by the riverside
Down by the riverside

Gonna stick my sword in the golden sand
Down by the riverside
Gonna study war no more.
[refrain]

Gonna put on my long white robe;
Down By the riverside
Down by the riverside
Down by the riverside
Gonna put on my long white robe;
Down by the riverside Gonna study war no more.
[refrain]

Documents on Diplomacy: Resources

Gonna put on my starry crown;
Down By the riverside
Down by the riverside
Down by the riverside
Gonna put on my starry crown;
Down by the riverside
Gonna study war no more.
[refrain]

Masters of War by Bob Dylan

Come you masters of war
You that build the big guns
You that build the death planes
You that build all the bombs
You that hide behind walls
You that hide behind desks
I just want you to know
I can see through your masks.

You that never done nothin'
But build to destroy
You play with my world
Like it's your little toy
You put a gun in my hand
And you hide from my eyes
And you turn and run farther
When the fast bullets fly.

Like Judas of old
You lie and deceive
A world war can be won
You want me to believe
But I see through your eyes
And I see through your brain
Like I see through the water
That runs down my drain.

You fasten all the triggers
For the others to fire
Then you set back and watch
When the death count gets higher
You hide in your mansion'
As young people's blood
Flows out of their bodies
And is buried in the mud.

You've thrown the worst fear
That can ever be hurled
Fear to bring children
Into the world
For threatening my baby
Unborn and unnamed
You ain't worth the blood
That runs in your veins.

How much do I know
To talk out of turn
You might say that I'm young
You might say I'm unlearned
But there's one thing I know
Though I'm younger than you
That even Jesus would never
Forgive what you do.

Let me ask you one question
Is your money that good
Will it buy you forgiveness
Do you think that it could
I think you will find
When your death takes its toll
All the money you made
Will never buy back your soul.

And I hope that you die
And your death'll come soon
I will follow your casket
In the pale afternoon
And I'll watch while you're lowered
Down to your deathbed
And I'll stand over your grave
'Til I'm sure that you're dead.